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A CONDENSED AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY

MATTRUP JENSEN

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A CONDENSED AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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MATTRUP JENSEN

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A CONDENSED AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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MATTHEW JENSEN

A Condensed Autobiography
Of
Mattrup Jensen

- - - - -

My fathers (sic) name was Paul Christian Jensen. He was born on February 5th, 1838, in North western Judland, Denmark. His mother (my Grand-mother) was born in Hull, England. This is about as much as I really know as to their ancestry.

My Grandfathers (sic) occupation was that of Gardner and Horticulturist. On a visit to our home in Skodborg, Slesvig, Germany, in the year 1882, his picture was deeply engraved on my mind. He possed (sic) a very kindly nature, and spoke to us children with an accent that we could hardly understand; the dialect in his home locality being so very different. My father followed in his footsteps as to occupation, and beside that, my father studied Civil Engineering. He was a natural landscape architect. He, however, spent a great share of his life on Reclamation work, along the North Sea Coast, together with R.R. and Highway construction in Slesvig, Germany. He was a very dynamic and industrious person; doing a great deal of hard work especially whenever he contracted work; hours meant nothing to him, only results counted. This caused a great deal of suffering in the later years of his life.

I was nearly ten (10) years old when I first heared (sic) the story of how I was named (Mattrup).

My Grandfather on my fathers (sic) side of the family had come to our home for a visit, having heared (sic) that our family were leaving Denmark for good. Our destination being The United States of America. Oberlin, Ohio the terminal.

During his visit my Grandfather was talking to my father and saying "Well, I understand that you named your son (Mattrup) I don't think that was right. For all our Jensen's have religiously kept the trust for Four Generations; Paul," that was my father. "You are the first one to brake (sic) that pledge."

My father thought different, about it. He did not discuss it with Grandfather, any further.

Many years later, I was nearly a grown man. I asked my father; what did Grandfather mean when he told you that you were the first of the Jensen's to brake (sic) the trust? - Then it was

that my father told me the story as to our Ancestry.

"There is a very large estate in the south-eastern part of Judland, Denmark; near the Baltic Sea. The Buildings are surrounded by a mote, and the place is called - Mattrup - It is still in existance as far as I know.

The following is the story: "There were three brothers who owned this place and for some reason there seemed to have been a good deal of friction between them. One day, one of the brothers left the place - vowing that he would never return. He went to sea - (and never did return). He changed his named from Jens Mattrup to Paul Jensen. He went to sea for a number of years and then, as years rolled by, he located in Hull, England, where he married a girl of Scotch ancestry. They raised a family and the oldest son migrated to Denmark. He became an apprentice to a very skilful (sic) Horti-culturist and in time took over his place of business. This was in the city of Lemvig, right on the coast where the North Sea breaks thru Limfjorden into the Baltic Sea. His name was Christian Jensen. I have been told that he was also an Engineer, he was a very fine man. He had a son whom he called Rasmus Jensen, and this man was my Grand Father. The one who called on us when I was about 10 years old, and at the time that we journied (sic) to the U.S.A.

My fathers (sic) name was Paul Christian Jensen. He learned a good deal about Gardening from his father. But was placed with a very fine Civil Engineer by the name of E.H. Lund, at Brenstrup, Denmark. My father took over his work years later and was the Construction Engineer on the building of the main highway from Hamburg, Germany, to Judland, Denmark. He also did a great deal of Reclamation work along the North Sea. During the last years we were in Slesvig, Germany, I would go with him at times and would hold the rod for him. On these trips my Dad gave to me many educational thoughts. I can never forget his thoughts on life etc. But Dad did not like the Germans. He had been in the Danish Army in the War of 1864, the time the Germans took Slesvig from Denmark, hence the feeling.

While he was constructing this, before mentioned highway, he was lamenting the fact that it had to go thru part of a Church-yard or Cemetery in the City of Hadersleben. For this necessitated the removal of a great many bodies there intered. (sic) It was a very didtastful (sic) job to him and it made a deep impression upon him.

As the hi-way progressed he came nearer and nearer to his home at Skodborg. This incident took place in the fall of 1872. - On August 6th, 1873 I was born and as this is to be a high-lighted history of

my life, I have mentioned this. For I believe this incidence had some pre-natal influence on my entire life.

After this hi-way was practically completed, My father started re-clamation work almost entirely. Some of his work even into Jutland, Denmark.

This was near home, as stated. I do not remember very much about the years up to my ninth year. At that time my father was doing work near home and he would take me along at times. I came to know father as a very fine character and a charming individual.

My father left Europe and came to the United States of America in 1883, landing in New York City on June 5th of that year. He brought with him the following members of his family. His wife, my mother; Sister Jensine and myself, leaving our oldest sister Christine, in Hamburg, Germany, as she was shortly going to be married. We came direct to Oberlin, Ohio. Where another sister Marie was already located, at the home of Prof. Hon. James Monroe. To their splendid home we came, on the morning of June 7th, 1883. I shall never forget how they made it so very pleasant for us. We stayed there until a home was procured or rather rented, on Pleasent St. next to the home of Rev. H. Hall, a former Missionary to Jamaca. His home was on the corner of E. College St. and P leasent St.

Shortly after we moved from there to a larger house on (what was then West Street) now Cedar Ave. This was next to the corner of West College St. Then after some months we moved to a new house which had been built for my father in Weast-wood Park Cemetery; of which he had been made Superintendent. We moved in in the fall of 1884. My Father held this position as Sup't for ten years to 1894, at which time he took a trip to Europe and I became the Superintendent in his abscence (sic). I was at the time clerk of the Board of Trustees.

My father made many trips to Europe between the years 1894 and 1900. He came to California in 1902, did some landscape work for the Mount Olivet Cemetery, spent some time in San Diego, Calif. and died in 1911, at Colma, California. His was a restless life; seemingly he was unable to find contentment anywhere, toward the last. He suffered a great deal from varicose veins and ulcers on his lower limbs, caused by stamping down sod, while working along the North Sea in his re-clamation work. In my library of memories, one of the brightest pages there inscribed, are those devoted to my early boyhood days; while traveling about, holding the Surveyers rod for

my father, in and about my birth place in Europe. My mind was very plastic then and the impressions were cut deep, and lasting. He was to me a very perfect, gentle knight; who loved nature and read its language, which he in turn conveyed to me. This is what I wish to remember about my father, and in that I place his life value to me. He did not get out of life what he should. But it was a lesson to me and I have tried to profit by it.

My mother's maiden name was Møller. She was born in Skodborg, Slesvig (at time it belonged to Denmark) on the 27th of September 1832, she being six (6) years older than my Father.

Her father was a Carpenter and Builder, as well as a very fine Stone and brick Mason. Her mother and father died when in their sixtieth year from injuries. But her grandmother, lived to be 106 years old. She also died from an injury, falling off from a horse while taking a grist of buckwheat to the Flour-mill. She slipped off the horse trying to right the sack on the horse's neck. Braking (sic) her hip which caused her death.

My mother was a great worker. She lived a very retiring life, especially after coming to America. She never did master the English language; which made her very retiring. She spent most of her later years in Lorain, Ohio with my sister Jensine, and there she died in 1923 from Old Age Pneumonia, after reaching the age of 91 years. My mother would never permit any one to wait on her. Even up to the day she died. She did her own room work. She was a very light eater. Lived on coarse food. She loved to read, the Bible being her favorite book. She was a fine cook and baker. Learned the art of spinning as well as weaving. My first suit of clothes she spun the wool and wove the cloth, then made the suit.

She was a good kind and fine mother. She brought into the world seven (7) children three of them died from Diptheria, all at the same time - this while living in Denmark and before I was born. Three girls survived, the oldest Christine who never came to America, married a man in Hamburg, Germany by the name of Gustave von Blume. Next to her, the first to come to America and who married a man by name Anton Olson. She lived in Chicago, Ill. for many years, where her husband was a Builder. Then they moved to Spirit, Wis. where she died in 1933. The youngest of my sisters Jensine M.L. formally of Lorain, Ohio later in San Francisco, Calif. and Burlingame, Calif. She passed away in 1939 in Burlingame, leaving two fine daughters, both very well married.

As far as I can find out (Nothing returning after my letters) to Christine

in Germany - I am the last one living of the "Jensen Family." And I am their only living son. Residing in the City of (Lawndale) now Colma, Inc. a Cemetery City.

Both of my parents possessed very strong will power and very forceful in all their undertakings. The foregoing, gives a slight history of my forebears.

I shall not go into details as no one but myself would be interested. However I am going to mention something about my father which I think worthy of mention and I am of the same mind, agreeing with his views.

My father was a natural born advocate of Democracy, and could not stand for the Imperialistic methods applied in Germany. Hence our coming to the U.S.A.

Mother was not sold on the idea; would tell father to give and take. They had just built a lovely new home and was very comfortable. But you can see what happened by the foregoing. Father almost immediately applied for citizenship papers and started to acquire the English language. This was not such an easy task. He spoke both Danish and German, so one more language mattered little. But it took sometime however and lots of hard work, for not knowing any English, he was compelled to do a great deal of hard work. So it was not until Nov. 3rd 1890 that he received his final papers and became an American Citizen.

His arder had cooled somewhat, during those seven years of struggle, not only mentally but physically. He took exception to letting a native born exercise the right of franchise, who could neither read or write, and did not know what it was all about. But because he was 21 years old and having been born in the U.S.A. he could vote, where as my father came here with a fine education, technical at that; he must put in 7 years before he could become a citizen.

As I did not become of age until August 6th, 1894, I therefore became an American citizen thru my father, he having become such 3 years before.

I have often wondered if father sometimes did not wish he had listened to mother and stayed in Europe for he was on easy street there, so to speak when they left Europe.

Among my first experiences as a boy during the fall of 1883; was that

of seeing Mr. Chas. Hall experimenting with extracting Aluminum from Clay or rock. Or rather Alumina. This by the process of Electricity.

This was being done in his woodshed and his woodshed joined ours. Charley would let me (a poor little foreign boy) look on.

However, it was not until 1886 that he was granted a patent on same. Of course, I attended public schools there at Oberlin, Ohio, but not being able to speak the American language, I was put in the baby room, where they had to supply a separate table and chair, I being too large to fit into the seats.

I was conducted to school by Miss Mary Monroe, Prof. Monroe's maiden daughter. The next day I came to school in wooden shoes, my parents thinking that was all right, as that was the custom in Denmark.

Well, I sure raised some disturbance, nearly every child in school followed me around as though I was a circus curiosity. The next day the Principle Prof. Waite sent a note home to my parents requesting that I return the next day minus the wooden shoes, and with American leather shoes, which of course I did. At the same time they moved me into the Grammer grades, where I started to acquire an education. Quite a number of years later I presented to Oberlin College Art Department that very same pair of shoes. Hundreds of Art students have since sketched them.

We the Jensens were the only foreign people in Oberlin at that time. Oberlin was mostly Yankies and Darkies.

My parents could not see me playing with the boys too much. They wanted me to work before and after school, and this I did.

Here I must mention an incident that happened in the spring of 1884. I was playing in the front yard of one of our neighbors home - with Chas. Harris, John M. Siddle, and Peroy Pond. (John M. Siddle became the Editor of the American Magazine) (Percy Pond became a very successful Business Man in Honolula). I lost track of Chas. Harris.

We boys were all making collections of birds eggs. Now there was a black birds nest at the very top of a Fir tree, in their front yard, and we had been watching the next pretty close for some days, knowing that there should be eggs in it. Therefore, I was selected to climb the tree and procure the eggs, which I did. On reaching the top which was at least 40 ft. high; I put two eggs in my mouth and was about to put the rest in my hat when - bingo! the top of the

tree broke off and I came tumbling down to the lawn below, where the boys were watching and waiting for me. - I turned over twice, so they said, and hitting the limbs which were quite dense, I struck the sod head first; the sod being soft I sank in nearly up to my shoulders, then tipped over on to the lawn.

Having lost consciousness, the boys picked me up and carried me home. Then went for a doctor. In the meanwhile, I gained consciousness, but was unable to move my head without a terrific pain. After the doctor came he did not seem to make it any better. Day after day he came, but I did not improve. Everyone thought I had broken my neck and it was just a matter of time and I would die.

One day some two weeks after the accident - an old doctor by the name of Penneman, he himself an invalid, being moved about in a wheel chair. He was wheeled into our house along side of my bed. I shall never forget him! - He said to me in a very kindly voice - "My boy, I heard about your case and I thought I might be of some help to you." I will not hurt you, but let me feel your neck." He had completely won my confidence and could do as he wished, if he did not hurt me too much, as I felt he was going to help me. He was so gentle and his voice so soothing. After a thorough examination of my neck, head and spine, he said to me. "I may hurt you just a little, but it will be for just a second." I was ready for anything, only I wanted to move, which I could not do. So he manipulated my vertaebra for some time. Then he said to me - "Now you rest until tomorrow, when I will return to see you, I am sure you are going to feel much better." In the morning he returned and although he did hurt me at times, afterward I felt much better; that within a week, he had me sitting up in bed. And before two weeks more I was about the house feeling fine. However, I have never been able to stand on my head, nor crane my neck to any great extent, or it would become very tired and ache. I outgrew it to a great extent, before I has 15 years old. Thanks to Dr. Penneman!

I continued with my school and mornings and evenings, I delivered milk. Sometimes helping a dairy to milk. etc. etc. In summer I worked in Westwood Park Cemetery with my father, who taught me many things, that I would never have acquired except in a School of Engineering and Horticulture.

My father was very practical and a great observer. He was a great reader, did some experimental work, all of which I profited by. I followed in his footsteps as I have been a great reader all my life.

When entering High School, I became fed up on such studies as "Straight

Road To Caesar" that is Latin etc. and having a practical turn of mind, I could not see then, how Latin could be of any benefit to me. So I quit the Public School and entered Oberlin Business College. Here I took a Commercial Course, but I did not finish Shorthand and Typing. I became a very good penman and used to set Copy for the rest of the students in the class. After finishing this course of study I went into the Dairy Business. Started out with 14 cows, one or more were thorough bred (sic) Jerseys. I also worked in the Cemetery, on the side. Finally I practically controlled the Dairy Business in Oberlin. Nearly the entire milk out-put in 1894. The years of 1892 - '93 & '94 were hard years for me. I would get up at 3:00 A.M. - Milk at least 14 cows myself, then deliver some 400 to 500 quarts of milk; of course I bought a good share of the milk from Farmers.

Besides this I attended college, sometimes having a class at 8 A.M. but I could not continue. So I left school again. I might say that out of the three years I was in the Milk Business, I only missed 7 days and that was while I attended the Worlds Fair in Chicago in 1893. (A Mr. John Walker took over while I was away). I sold out my dairy business in 1895 and although I had been made Sec. and Superintendent of Westwood Park Cemetery in 1894 I wanted to become a doctor, for I liked Surgery. I devoted some two years to this study. My precepter was Dr. H. Pyle of Oberlin, Ohio. But after many trying experiences, decided to drop it, and devote my time to the out-doors; - Engineering, Landscaping and Cemetery.

Then in the summer of 1898, I left for Klondike, Alaska. To try my luck in Mining. This was indeed a great experience. I had never been north or west of Chicago. This N.W. Country interested me greatly. But having set my heart on Klondike, I left Settle on the Steamer "Umatilla" for Skagway, Alaska. We traveled the Inside Passage and it was a trip never to be forgotten.

However, the scene changed from one of enjoyment, while on board the ship to one of hardship. After spending some ten days in Skagway, I started over Chicoot Pass. Here I returned again and again, helping others across. I made many trips Packing 65 lbs per pack across for 100. a piece. When I arrived in Alaska, I weighed 195 lbs. and was very strong, However this crossing took the gimp out of me. So I proceeded on my way toward Lake Bennett. But hard work etc. that I had experienced left its mark on me. It seems incredible, that man can endure such hardships and still survive. Many there were who turned back.

We did not reach Lake Bennett before I was taken with Pneumonia. I

guess I had over taxed myself. How I ever lived is beyond me. But after some weeks, thanks to the kindness of some old timers by the name of McKinzee, I was able to get about. My money was nearly gone, and being too week (sic) to labor, I was perswaded (sic) to return to the States, much against my will.

I got passage on the same str. "The Umatilla" on which I had come (However on an other trip). We reached Seattle late in October and in a few days I was broke. I was too proud to send home for money, and having gained my health back, to a certain extent, now weighing only 168 lbs. I worked as a Stevadore, loading grain onto a steamer, for I had to eat and also sleep. But the work was too hard.

One day I saw a sign in a window, of "The Post Office Restaurant" "Second Cook wanted". I procured the job, Owner was a Dane, here I earned enough money to take me home by way of California.

Arriving in San Francisco some weeks later, in the spring of 1899, I visited the Cemeteries, they were still a loadstone. I called on the only man in San Francisco that I knew - Mr. Hamon H. Noble, Pres. and Manager of Cypress Lawn Cemetery. I had met Mr. Noble in Cleveland, Ohio at the Park & Cemetery Supt. Convention, held at Riverside Cemetery in 1896. He remembered me and invited me to visit Cypress Lawn Cemetery with him, which I did.

Then I took the train to San Jose, and stayed with The Sherborne Family. They had just come to California the year before from Oberlin, Ohio and did they put themselves out to show me Santa Clara Valley. It was April and the trees were in blossom and I sure was sold on this part of California. One day I had a letter, which had been forwarded to me from Alaska. Telling of my fathers (sic) illness, and for me to return home. It was from Sister Jensine and contained a money order. I left the next day by way of Los Angeles, California, El Paso, Texas, New Orleans and Chicago. I had not been in Los Angeles so I stopped over one day. It had then only 200,000 people.

I had not been home long before I met "Stella Boice" whom I married July 12, 1900. The following year on June 8th, 1901 our first born son arrived. + Mattrup Jay Jensen. And three months later we took him to the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, N.Y. We stayed at the home of (John Walker) and attended the Exposition, during the week Pres. McKinley was shot. We were only a block away from the hospital where he died.

We were also at Niagra Falls and took the ride around the Gorge and back again. Then we returned to Oberlin, Ohio. The following spring 1902, I left my father in charge of the Cemetery and we sold out our property and moved to San Jose, California. Then some months

later, my parents left Oberlin, Ohio also, and came to live with us. We were located on ranch called "Escondito" on Morepark Ave. near Campbell, Cal.

We worked 40 acres of fruit - Apricots and prunes, I believe I worked the hardest that year of any in my life. Fruit that year was down to rock bottom, so instead of making money there was a decided loss.

This made me gravitate back to the Cemetery Business. I took a trip to San Francisco, called on Mr. H. H. Noble and we went out to the Cemetery. He offered me a position with him as Asst. Supt. of Cemetery (Cypress Lawn). I also did some Engineering, built a 1,500,000 gal. reservoir, Pipe-lines etc. I stayed with them until June 1st 1903. At which time I became the General Supt. of Mt. Olivet Cemetery which position I held up to Jan. 1st, 1946. I was then given a pension and retired.

It just seemed, I could not keep out of the Cemetery Business. Hence after realizing this, I devoted my life to it, yes my entire energy to that vocation. And I believe I have, to a certain extent mastered it in more ways than one. At least I have developed many phases of this interesting work.

I have been instrumental in making one spot on this old world, a little more beautiful than I found it. I have always been a lover of the great out-doors. Even as a boy, I was a student of nature. I have also devoted many hours to the growing and planting of trees and shrubs. I have also had a mechanical mind, and have devoted many hours to Landscape architecture, engineering and construction. Some of my happiest hours have been devoted to this type of work.

I need not speak of my many accomplishments, let them speak for themselves. Suffice to say that I am the Father of the City of "Lawndale" name now Colma, the only city of its kind in the world. (As Riply has pictured)

May it always be held sacred to posterity. I am an Idealist at heart but as the necessity of making a living, close our mouths, and makes us do many things that we would otherwise not do. Such is the price of existance.

My wife Stella and I have been real pals all our married life. We raised two splendid boys and a lovely daughter. (We just celebrated our 55th year of our marriage. Our oldest son is Mattrup Jay, born in Oberlin, Ohio, June 8th, 1901 - then Robert Burns, born in San Jose, California January 15th, 1903 and our only daughter - Josephine born in Colma, Calif. July 21st, 1911.

They are all people of worth, none of them has ever given us a bit of grief. They are all happily married and all have raised a family. Jay has been Secretary of Olivet Memorial Park from 1941 to 1947, at which time he was elected Manager of Olivet Memorial Park. Edna, his lovely wife and their daughter Barbara - a world champion swimmer - form a splendid home. Robert Burns has been District Manager of the Shell Oil Co., Southern Division for more than 15 years. For the last 10 years he has been in the wholesale lumber business at Willits, Calif. (Estelle his splendid wife and their only son, Robert B., Jr., have a lovely home in Willits. Robert, Jr. is married to a lovely girl, Mary, and they have a son. Then, our daughter Josephine is married to Wm. G. Gohl who is a pressman, for many years with The Rotograveur Co. Now he is the foreman of The Home Printing Co, San Francisco. They live in Burlingame, Calif; have a lovely home there, also a home up in the high Sierras at Dardenells on the Sonora Pass Highway. They raised two lovely girls, Joan and Paula. Both girls are married, and Paula has a lovely boy. All are so devoted to their homes and families).

Both Stella and I are indeed fortunate to have raised three perfect specimen of men and women. All happily married. All have been very successful in all their undertakings. Stell and I are very proud of them with good reason. I want to say something about the dear girl I chose for my wife. Stella -- she is unusual in many ways. She devoted her life to our children until they became of age. They when they all married and we were left alone, she became very active in youth organizations. She was really the mother of Jefferson Union High School. She was a Board member and clerk of that Board for 24 years. She is a past President of the J.U.H. - P.T.A. with a life membership; a member of the Board of Trustees of The San Mateo Junior College, also since its beginning. Last year she was Pres. of the Board. A member for 18 years. She did not run for office (on my advice) the last election. She has been President of the County Board of School Board of Trustees Assn. And she is now a member of the new County School Board of Trustees Assn. She was one of those who started Crocker Chapter and has been the Worthy Matron, also Deputy Grand Matron of the O.E.S of Calif. She was on the Northern Calif. Example Chapter for The Order of O.E.S. for over 10 years.

She started Bethel 26 Order of Job's Daughters of which our daughter Josephine was the second Queen. She was Grand Secretary of the Grand Guardian Council of Job's Daughters of California, and later became its Grand Guardian. Then she went thru (sic) all the chairs in the Supreme and was the Supreme Guardian in 1939-1940; installed as such in The Fairmont Hotel at its Annual Convention and presided

in Chicago, Ill. the following year.

I am indeed proud of her, and count myself blessed by having lived with her a beautiful life now more than 55 years. God bless her !

Life is such an uncertain quality and when we reach in and around 83 years, one may come to the crossroads without knowing that the time of crossing is at hand. But I can truly say that I have indeed lived a full and glorious life, rich in experience as well as in the art of living.

I hope God may see fit to let me continue on for some years to come. I may still be of some service to my fellow men.

I have written the foregoing lines, just as a brief outline of this existence of Mattrup Jensen and Family.

Mattrup Jensen

Feb. 3rd 1956.

A few incidents worthy of mentioning
in my life

'Twas in the fall of 1894 shortly after my father left for Europe (his first). We buried an elderly man. He was practically without money, but another man, a friend for many years, paid the bill.

As the casket was lowered this other man asked me to say the commital service. Reluctantly, I stepped to the head of the grave and repeated the 23rd Psalm, the Lord's Prayer and the benediction. Then he stepped up to me and gave me a $5.00 gold piece, and thanked me.

That evening I told my mother about it. She did not say very much until after supper. Then she said to me, "Matt, I wish you would return that money to the man who gave it to you." I tried to get out of this task, but mother insisted, saying, "Promise me Matt that you will never, never take any money for doing a like favor for anyone, anywhere. That is something you can always afford to do without pay, talking and praying to God." I promised her that I would never do that again; I have kept that promise !

I returned the $5.00 and that old gentleman later in my life did me a great favor in a business transaction worth ten times that amount.

However little did I know then that I was destined to give commitment service. I have had as high as $20 offered and checks sent to me; none has ever been accepted, but all have been returned. I am now 83 years old, but I have kept my promise to my mother.

Another incident worthy of mention

The incorporation of the cemetery area that became a reality August 11, 1924. The work of obtaining the numerous signatures of the residents and the acquiring more than 500 names of the inhabitants necessary to incorporation, and then to get most of these to withdraw from our town limits, was accomplished by myself.

Then I was selected as the first Mayor of this unique municipality, having received the largest number of votes. I was the Mayor for 12 years, then after four years I became Mayor again while we built a City Hall, which I designed with the help of Crim & McGinness, Architects. I have also written the history of this cemetery area Colma. And I hope that posterity never, never will mar its beauty nor endanger its stability.

I was very much interested in the World's Fair in 1915 in San Francisco. I raised in our nursery at Olivet Memorial Park over 500 Mammoth Hydrangia's. They were 5ft. tall when they were at their very best show. McRorie & McClaren Nursery men came and boxed them and then one night they were all hauled into the Fair Grounds, and placed in the Court of the Four Seasons. I think this was one of the outstanding feats of this Fair.

They had county days; the first was started by San Mateo County at the California building. Joe Lagomarsino then in the florist business, had 30 acres into violets. Dozens of women, experts at picking violets, picked for two days and then made butaneers (sic) of same in the old store building that was the flower stand at the park way entrance to Olivet. Violets were then taken to the California Building during the night & the colums & perimedes in the center of the Rotunda covered with violets.

When the Building was open the next day Mrs. Benesini (a brunette) of Colma and my wife Stella (a blond) stood at the entrance of the building to welcome the visitors and they handed to all who entered a bunch of violets.

Mr. C. Moore, Pres. of the Exposition, opened the County Days with a fine address and at the conclusion our daughter Josephine (then a little girl) handed him a basket of violets. Mr. Moore picked her up and took her outside and they took a picture of them. This appeared in all the evening papers, also the next morning.

Again in 1939 and 40 The World's Fair on Treasure Island (Next to Yerba Vana (sic) Island), I acted on the board of commissions, and we wanted 14 large Irish Yews. So they sent trucks, etc. and many men and Olivet gave to them 14 of them 14 feet high, Seven on each side of the court of the sun. See many photos.

They had Elephant Trains that took people around the Fair Grounds, and some of my friends came and told me that the speilers were telling that those beautiful Irish Yews came from a large estate in Los Angeles. Well, do you know, it took several days before we could get them to change their tune. But we finally put a stop to them.

MATTRUP JENSEN HOME IN COLMA, CALIFORNIA

4198

SAN MATEO COUNTY'S
"MEMORIAL PARK"

The following poem is dedicated to Supervisor Thomas Hickey, who in 1923 proposed the purchase of a 310 acre tract of land situated along Pescadero Creek, a few miles below La Honda, for a County Park - and further proposed the name of "Memorial Park" for same; in memory of our overseas boys. Those boys who laid down their lives for their country that the great principles of World Safety for its inhabitants, might continue.

We of San Mateo County are indeed a privileged people to have such a magnificent place; where God has shown such wondrous grace. Our Citizens should be proud of this park, for it is surely an inspiration to mankind.

To Our Memorial Park

Down where our Country is in the making
And for development it is fairly aching,
There's our Memorial Park.
There the sunbeams - - soul entrancing -
Through the leaves and trees are glancing,
Where the babbling streams go dancing,
There's our Memorial Park.

To the boys who's lives were shattered
For Democracy - their flags were tattered,
Hence our Memorial Park.
There let's go to fret no longer,
There let's bind our friendship stronger,
Where man's a Man and not a wronger,
In our Memorial Park.

Here's the spot - to attract your attention
With life's phases - too numerous to mention,
In our Memorial Park,
Here mother nature has given her fairest,
Here mother earth responds with her rarest
And life seems here - to be the squarest,
In our Memorial Park.

Here the spirits of ages are singing
In the tall redwoods - swaying and swinging,
In our Memorial Park.
Man's finest mold - these trees of our County
California's own - as God's richest bounty
Now as an emblem - in San Mateo County
In our Memorial Park.

Come to our grove - where God seems nearer
There you may room where life seems dearer
In our Memorial Park.
There life's cares - sure cannot reach you,
There God's purpose - cannot but teach you;
Come, yes come, again I beseech you
To OUR MEMORIAL PARK.

THE END OF THE TRAIL

The end of the trail, of what? I pray.
Its not of soul. - It must be clay.
For the soul looks up and shines with light,
While this - depicts the fetters might.

Hope here seems lost, perhaps from greed.
It's e'en portrayed in this old steed,
Torn by life's lash and bent from fatigue.
Oh, what a pitiful thing - indeed.

The end of man, is not of clay.
'Tis Character and Love and its here and away;
But this wornout man and wornout steed
Is of temporal things, the end, indeed.

THOUGHTS

(Masonic News - 1950)

From the Encyclopedia Britannica Dictionary:
"The mind acts only by words." "Thoughts are always carried on in verbal ideas."

Thoughts are but human seeds
Which we may keep or sow.
If planted in some fertile soil
Perchance - they'll grow.

And if they grow, with proper care
They may become so great,
That millions of our fellowmen
May share their future state.

Thoughts may hover on for years,
but unless- clothed with deeds,
Their destiny is ne'er fulfilled
And only remains as seeds.

But if some one a thought shall raise,
And clothe it, for human good;
That's what makes the world progress
By humans - is understood.

Thoughts may change all human laws
And change man's future state,
But thoughts again, may formulate
The way to desolate.

"Thoughts as the most complex term,
In all our mental formation "
Though thoughts are always manifest
In verbal lucubration.

Source of all is good is God,
So human-kind are told
Then why, oh why, are evil thoughts,
An illusion to unfold?

So let's return to thoughts again
Knowing good thoughts are best,
And if clothed, for our fellow-men
Thru God they'll manifest.

Thoughts, Oh thoughts! we bow to thee
In all our human destinies.
Thou are the link- with Infinity,
The greatest of all our mysteries.

By Mattrup Jensen, Past Associate
Supreme Guardian
Colma 25, Calif. I.O.J.D.

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OUR OLD FASHIONED HOME
(for. F-St. & Hillside Blvd.
"Lawndale" Colma, P.O. Calif.)

As we turn the latch on the Old Home door
And hear it click shut, as in days of yore;
Against a world of cares, with hardships and strife,
'Tis the greatest treat, in our journey of life.

There's the library - living-room and it seems to hold
A charm - far dearer - than silver or gold.
Where our Mother and Father - and we children three
Around the old hearth - Oh! how happy - we'd be.

Our home was a shrine, in which we would share
Our joys and our sorrows - not on earth to compare,
For simplicity and love, seemed part of the air;
In this cozy old room, - when we were all there.

What wouldn't we give, if we could all be
Once more as of yore, - Dad, Ma, and us three.
With Dad's glint in his eye, Ma's smile from her heart,-
There's nothing on earth to compare with such art.

The dining room too, twas the forum you see -
Where we solved all the problems, just for us three.
Here we learned many lessons of life while we ate,
Twas debated, of course, mostly over our plate.

Then the old kitchen stove in that very large room
'Twas the cozyist spot, not to be forgotten soon.
And the old arm chair, drawn up to the oven,
Where the worth of a book, "Bob" often had proven.

Oh, the enchantment of this Old Fashioned Home
Where latch string was out to our friends that might come.
Thank GOD for memories! that never shall fade -
Of the days that were spent here and the ties that were made.

We cannot go back, - in the order of things, -
But myriads of happenings throughout our life springs
So we are thankful for memories, of years long ago -
When this old fashioned home, to us, was the show

Now these were the sentiments, expressed by those present,
At the gathering of the family. It sure was most pleasant.
Both mother and I - felt very proud and elated,
At what had been said, Therefore, I here state it.

By M. Jensen, "DAD" to "Stella",
Colma, Calif. 1936

June 1st, 1903

A TREE

One of Our Christmas Symbols by M.Jensen-1931

Another year of achievements are about to be filed away in our book of memories.

Symbols of the Season's Spirit are visible everywhere, indicating that we have not as yet reached the stage where we can get along without symbolism. However, I believe the time has come when we should discard charity. To be charitable is surely commendable and should be practiced by all; but to be dependent on charity, is indeed humilating.

It should not be necessary to ever use the word charity in a dependent sense; with a world teeming with every necessity for human life and comfort. If so, then our present state of civilization is as yet but a gross failure. For until our Society can so regulate distribution so that the workers and producers shall need no charity, it has accomplished but little.

Most of our laws are but special privileges for the few and in most every case conflicts with the Golden Rule - and although we celebrate Christ's Birthday each year - mostly by dispensing charity - the balance of the year the Golden Rule is found mostly in books.

But, perchance fortune has smiled on us, more than on some, should we not be willing to share that good fortune with our fellowmen?

Let's coin a new word to take the place of charity. Let's call it Sharity. Let's be sharitable. In other words, divide and let others less fortunate be partakers of our affluence; be it in labor, opportunity, or mere justice for existence.

This is a good time of the season to think about doctoring the CAUSES of the ills of human society. We have heretofore treated only the effects. Why not give some real attention to what really ails us?

But speaking of things symbolizing the spirit of the season, perhaps there is nothing that stands out more than the Christmas tree. To me there can be nothing more appropriate to represent this happy season of the year and symbolize the very best that is in us, than a tree.

I hope that man may some day be
As noble as a living tree.
A tree whose branches reach toward God.
And though 'tis fastened to the clod,
It is the home of symphonies;
Where birds do sing their rhapsodies,
Within who's leafy, sheltered arms
The song-birds nest, in lee of storms
Whose history is clean from strife
While man, has led a crimson life.
Of living things - you've stood the test,
Man's finest mold - on earth's great breast.
Five thousand years have proved thy worth;
What's lovelier than a tree - on earth.

And though this poem I've writ here,
Of God's reflex - in tree that's peer;
I'm not a fool- nor am I clod-
But, an expression of Almighty God.

DALY CITY RECORD
May 25, 1922

YOSEMITE CALLS

Tis June and we hear the call of the wilds,
From out the mountains, where nature smiles,
And when we heed their beckoning calls,
We motor to - Yosemite Falls.

Under incense cedars, fire and pine,
Twix granite walls that tower subline;
We pitch our tent, 'mong ferns and flowers,
Azalia blooms and beauty bowers.

In sweet repose, here one may rest,
Of all God's spots, this is the best.
We hike to dizzy heights galore
And back again to valley floor.

To Glacier Point and Sentinel Dome,
Up to the snow as cold as Nome.
Then Half Dome and Cloud's Rest,
Where fiery snow-flowers grow the best.

Happy Isles and Vernal Falls,
The mist trail - along the walls
Where we are drenched clear to the skin;
Amidst the roar, just like the wind.

Then up the rocks to the silvery spray
Of Nevada Falls - and on the way
We see the water-wheels and needles eye,
Formed by its mad'ning rush, as it passes by.

To Yosemite and Bridal Vail,
Nature here has shown, she does not fail
To show mankind, from day to day
She is sublime, in every way.

And then at "Curry's" what a treat
We have at night; it can't be beat!
Then when the Stentor calls on high,
We all look upward to the sky.

To see the Fire Fall from Glacier Point
Like God's own hand, us to anoint.
And then - "My Country, "Tis of Thee"
We sing aloud in ecstacy.

Tis fitting thus to close the day,
While this old world speeds on its way.
So with heavy hearts, we leave this place,
Where God has shown such wondrous grace.

Written on June 19, 1921 on my first visit to
the valley. M. Jensen

THE ORDER OF JOB'S DAUGHTERS

Oct. 1952

Matthup Jensen, 32°, P.A.S.G.
R.1, Box 147, Colma, San Francisco

The influence of a noble woman instilled into the minds of teen-age girls a love for that which is beautiful in literature, arts and sciences, and especially the beautiful lessons found in the Book of Job. This was the thought behind the founding of the International Order of Job's Daughters, as well as honoring the memory of Elizabeth D. Wead, mother of the founder, Ethel T. Wead Mick.

The Order of Job's Daughters was founded in 1920, in Omaha, Nebraska, and is limited to girls between the ages of twelve and twenty years who have Masonic relationships. It is truly international in scope, as there are Bethels in twenty-nine states in the Union in four Provinces of Canada and in Australia. In California alone there are 220 chartered Bethels, with about 24,000 Active Members and there have been initiated over 84,000 Masonically related girls in that state.

This organization is operated in an American or democratic manner. Officers known as Council Members with a Guardian and an Associate Guardian at the head of each Bethel, are elected yearly. The Council Members are selected from Master Masons and women who belong to Masonic affiliated organizations or Honorary Members of Job's Daughters who have attained the age of twenty years. There is a Grand Council in each state or province having not less than five Bethels.

The Supreme Council which has jurisdiction over the entire Order, has nineteen officers who are elected each year from Grand Council Members. The organization operates under a set of by-laws in a most efficient manner.

The purpose of the International Order of Job's Daughters is to band together girls of Masonic relationship for character building through moral and spiritual development, by teaching greater reverence for God and the Holy Scriptures, loyalty to our Flag and the country for which it stands, and deeper respect for parents and elders.

The organization group to which the girls belong and the meeting place are known as Bethel, meaning Holy Place. The meeting place is usually in a Masonic Temple.

The ritual was written from ideas presented by the founder and taken from the Book of Job, with particular reference to the 42nd chapter, 15th verse:

"And in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job: and their father gave them inheritance among their brethen."

At each meeting of Job's Daughters, under the head of Good of the Order, the Daughters rise, assume an attitude of prayer and repeat in unison the following:

"Our Father in heaven, we adore Thee for Thy loving kindness and thank Thee for Thy many blessings.

"Bless O Lord, we beseech Thee our Mothers, Fathers and Guardians.

"Help us to be more loving and obedient unto them day by day.

"Bless and protect, we pray Thee, the Master Masons who give us heritage.

"And when our life on earth is ended, may we gather in the Great Bethel on High.

"We ask in Thy name's sake. Amen."

The Order of Job's Daughters exerts an influence for good, which is paramount, and its work and efforts are directed toward the spiritual development of its members.

The Order is engaged in philanthropic projects, such as financial help for the Shrine Hospitals, polio sufferers,guide dogs for the blind, and many other benevolent projects.

MONROE VIA
By Mary Monroe
Aug. 16, 1956

We have a Patriarch in our midst and his name is Mattrup Jensen.

He is a tall distinguished looking gentlemen who is part scholar, part horticulturist and part designer-builder. His interests are manifold and in all his 83 years he has never yet found time to grow old.

Jensen resides at 490 D street in Colma with his wife, Stella. Until his retirement a decade ago he served as superintendent of Olivet Memorial Park. It was in 1903 that he began his brilliant career with Olivet by inaugurating the up-to-date lawn plan for the cemetery, backing it up with modern methods of operation, including a sound business and fiscal policy.

Before completely settling on cemetery administration as his life's work, Mr. Jensen had a whirl at a medical career, was attracted by the lure of the Kloondike, and enjoyed a fling at ranch-life on 40 acres near San Jose.

He was married in 1900 and he and his young wife came to Colma during the third year of their marrage. Jensen remembers Holy Angels church when it was called "St. Anne's" in honor of Anne Dunks, daughter of pioner (sic) Peter Dunks. And he further recalls the hey-day of Colloquy's corner saloon (Market at Mission) and its boisterous patrons. He sadly concedes that the old landmark is now an unsightly eyesore with its dreary boarded-up windows and its general air of decay.

Jensen is a native of Denmark, and he came to this country with his parents in 1883 when he was an impressionable lad of ten. He remembers that the crossing took 13 days and that four of those days were quite miserable because of stormy seas. The family made their home in Oberlin, Ohio and it was while a schoolboy there that the young Jensen first asserted his executive ability. He financed himself by practically corraling the local dairy industry.

Like anybody else Mr. Jensen likes to "rememorate." One of his favorite stories relates to Thomas A. Edison and a classroom demonstration of the wonderful "talking machine" that took place in 1884. Jensen recalls that he examined the unusual machine and found a price of $8.00 marked on it.

Another date that stands out in his memory is the bitter winter of 1894 when one could take a buggy ride to Canada over the frozen Lake Erie.

Mr. Jensen has composed much fine poetry and many of his verses have stood the test of publication. The beauties of nature figure largely in the rhymes and the redwoods and the grandeur of Yosemite Valley have not been overlooked.

He has the honor of being the poet laureate of the International Order of Job's Daughters of the State of California and he has written scores of verses glorifying the order. He is also the designer of the official flag of Job's Daughters.

Mattrup Jensen does not rest on past laurels, such as having been the first mayor of Colma. During the course of a normal day this industrious gentleman may be discovered in the garden pruning and spraying roses and starting new growths from clippings. Or in the study typing out couplets or rondels. Or over in a nearby lot putting finishing touches on a house that he is building in his spare time.

Because of his enthusiasms and interests one never thinks of M. Jensen as a man well past three score years and ten. His personal magic makes him seem to be contemporary with any age group he addresses.

WHY MASONIC HERITAGE

FOR JOB"S DAUGHTERS?

By Mattrup Jensen
Past Supreme Associate
Guardian IOJD

I have been asked - What is this Masonic Heritage of Job's Daughters? The reason why Masonic relationship is required?

. . . . .

To answer this, requires first a statement as to Masonic Origin and its purpose.

Masons of great learning, as well as Historians have spent endless time in this speculation. After very methodical research it is still an unsolved problem.

But the real answer is: Masonry Originated in the heart of Mankind through Divine Providence.

"The All-Wise Intelligence instilled those ideals in the hearts of some of Earth's Creatures as a Divine Way of Life."

It can only be achieved by sacrifice and great endeavors, and by your own efforts, with the guidance of The Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

A Mason must constantly apply his working tools to his daily life, so that its origin shall be clearly visible in his mind and heart.

Masonry's finest edifice of worship is none other than that contained within his breast.

Masonry tries to shed light in darkness and more love in the hearts of men, to promote clean living the greatest respect for womenhood, to create more happiness and contentment, extending the helping hand to the less fortunate and cultivate Hope for the future, realizing that "Love is the only gleaming star that leads the way."

These great principles are some of the things for which Masonry stands. They seek a better and a happier existance, realizing that it is not achieved through more comfort in our daily life, but rather through a capacity for deep feeling, to enjoy simply, and to think better of one another.

This is the Heritage of our Masonic daughters - Job's Daughters. It is the legacy inherited through their Masonic related to Mothers and must be practiced daily; and when accepted at an early age, it becomes a habit, a way of life.

Each one of you applying these Masonic principles in your everyday life, makes it a richer - fuller experience.

Job's Daughters organization teaches the very finest philosophy of life and this philosophy is the foundation of your heritage and legacy. It is indeed worthy of your application.

Masonic News
1950
L.A. Cal.

ABOUT THE FIRST EDISON PHONOGRAPH

By
Mattrup Jensen, 490 Clark Ave. Colma,
California

Well, it was in the spring of 1884, at Oberlin, Ohio, which is just a few miles east of Milan, O. where Thomas Edison was born.

It was in the laboratory of Prof. Churchil, of Oberlin College, (He taught Astronomy and Physics,) where I first saw the Edison Phonograph.

Prof. Churchil's son Carrol, and I were playmates, and we had gone to his fathers laboratory, at the time when Mr. Edison called. He had with him the first model of his Phonograph. Several of this model, had been made and sent to various colleges, for experimental use.

This was the model that Edison had made from his first drawings which he had sent out to his workmen. On it he had marked $8,00. For at that time his workmen did things, for so much a piece; hence the $8.00 was all he thought it should cost to make.

At the time of completion of this first drawing, he had exclaimed - "I can make this thing talk!".

Well, this particular morning, in Prof. Churchil's laboratory; he did make it talk, not only talk, but the Prof. was asked to speak into the machine. After which Mr. Edison reversed the needle and the same words the Prof. had spoken, were reproduced by the machanism. (I shall never forget it.) And by the way, the first words ever spoken and reproduced as per Mr. Edison, on a Phonograph was the Mother Goose Rhyme. "Mary had a little lamb,"etc.

Not until 1893, at the Chicago Worlds Fair did I see this same instrument.

Then in 1901, when "Jay" our first born was an infant in arms, and his mother and I attended the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York, (At the time when Pres. McKinley was Shot) did we see this same machine on exhibition.

We also saw it in 1915 at San Francisco's Worlds Fair, and it was my great pleasure to see the very same instrument, in the Edison Bldg. at Treasure Island at the 1939 and 1940 Worlds Fair, and to show the same to all our family.

In 1897 I bought the very first Edison Phonograph (In Cleveland, Ohio)

that came into Oberlin. And when our son was a mere infant we recorded his crying one evening. I have however lost the record.

This is My True Story of the Edison Phonograph.

CHRISTMAS

That Should Fill Our Hearts With Gladness

By Bro. Mattrup Jensen

Yes, Christmas has indeed become a classic. It matters little whether we are followers of Confucius, or if we practice Mohammedanism, or profess to be Christians. Neither does it matter if our names were recorded as Catholics, Methodists, Scientists or Jews. The fact remains that "Christmas" has become a Classic in this twentieth century. For the Classic is the eternally true, it is this which does not grow old.

Christmas is the time of year when every one is trying to make some one happy. It is the season, when love rules the heart a little more abundantly, when the pure and unadulterated child spirit pervades everything, or when the innocence of childhood comes back to us. It is a time when everyone feels a desire to rejoice and be glad.

However, it was not always thus. For just a few centuries ago in 1644, the English Puritans forbade by act of Parliment any merriment or religious service at Christmas time. They ordered it to be kept as a fast, because they considered it a heathen festival. This was changed shortly after by Charles II.

Long before the "Three Wise Men" saw the Star in the East and journeyed to see the child "Christ," this time of year was celebrated and called yuletide. Tradition informs us that the early Norsemen watching the setting sun sink lower and lower on the horizon felt their spirits sink likewise with the sun's gradual descent. Until one day it seemed as tho the sun had changed its mind and they noticed that instead of disappearing altogether, it started to rise. Immediately their spirits rose with it and their hearts were filled with rejoicing - for had not their life and warmth-giving orb decided to come back to them, that they might live. Therefore, they feasted and rejoiced, danced and sang, and love filled their hearts to overflowing. And since that time it has been observed as a festival time for rejoicing until today we can truly say, it has become a Classic, this spirit of Christmas.

Not many years ago a great and wise man expressed himself in his last poem, "Love is the only gleaming star that leads the way." Perhaps the Star was the Eastern Star and is still the guiding Star for all humanity and the reason for this Christmas spirit of rejoicing and gladness and "good will on earth toward men."

We have during the last few centuries of the Christian era, given to

this festival spirit a personality. But that is only human. For we live by signs and tokens and if we symbolize our beliefs, hopes and aspirations, they are thereby better understood.

So why not the added personification of this day of rejoicing, the re-birth of the spirit of life.

In all history there is no one that has added so much to this beautiful yule-tide rejoicing as George Frederick Handel, when he composed the great Oratorio "The Messiah". His harmonies still peal forth throughout the world, ever since that famous London concert, in the seventeenth century, whn (sic) the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung to a gathering of many, many thousands and the audience arose as one man and joined in the song of praise, and today we are still praising and rejoicing, singing the song of the ideal to the Prince of Peace.

At this time of the year we are again approaching the solstice; reminding us of the birth of a New Year the birth of Christ, the birth of Love rekindled. Let us therefore, rejoice and sing praises to the Prince of Life and Love. For we know not what tomorrow shall bring forth.

ALUMINUM

With some reminiscences

To tell you something about Aluminum and how I know about the first process or method of extraction - commercially; will necessitate relating to you a little personal history, along with it.

I came to Oberlin, Ohio on the 7th day of June in 1883. Direct from Denmark. And that Fall was the very time that Charles M. Hall discovered the process of extracting Aluminum from ore or clay - commercially.

My father, mother, sister and myself had come directly to the home of Prof. Hon. James Monroe, (who then held the chair of Political Economy in Oberlin College,) because an older sister was staying at that time, at their home. In two weeks we moved into a house on Plesant St. next to a corner house, in which lived - Rev. Heman Hall, a widower, with three daughters and one son, Charles M. Hall. The girls, at that time were all graduated from college, but Charles was still in attendance.

Charles M. Hall was an odd type of a man, always seemed to be looking at the ground as he walked along, as though in deep thought.

I found that he was working in what should have been a wood-shed but it had been fitted up into a sort of an experimental labratory.

I being a little foreign boy, and could speak but little english, I was permitted to come in - once in the while; as Charles worked. But of course, cautioned not to touch anything.

He had a great many odds and ends of equipment, used in a laboratory, such as chemicals, batteries, jars and some electric equipment. I saw a crude something - (which I know now) was a crucible. It had wires attached, and switches that sparked when used. Many jars of what looked like rock or clay, to me, etc. etc. It all looked very interesting, even if I did not understand what it was all about.

It was many years later - I had become associated with Rev. Hall, he being one of our Trustees of the Association of which I was the Secretary etc. That I became very well acquainted with the Hall family, which ripened into a life-long friendship, especially with the elderly man. (His family paid little attention to him, as years passed.)

For a number of years I would go to his home, usually on a Wednesday evening, read to him for his eye-sight was not very good. This he

enjoyed and appreciated very much. It was during these visitations that he would tell me about what Charles had discovered and patented, the struggle they went thru to win the law-suit, brought against Charles M. Hall, to set aside his patent.

He told me of how Charles as a boy was so very much interested in chemistry, how he found an old textbook on the subject. The title page was gone, so he never knew who wrote it, but he was interested in the contents, not the author.

As he attended Oberlin College he dabbled in chemistry, dabbled in it continuously. Apparently it worried him that Aluminum which is 50 percent more abundant in the earth's crust than iron; should be so difficult to separate from oxygen as to be almost unattainable. When any was available it was worth $140.00 per pound.

When it was used as an apex of the Washington Monument it was considered as a sort of jewel.

Charles M. Hall sensed two important things; first, that the logical way to get Aluminum was to let Electricity break the bond between the metal and oxygen with which it is combined in the ore, Bauxite; and second, that to do this required a liquid bath. This meant that a solvent must be found for the aluminum oxide.

He found that a Greenland mineral, cryolite, melts at a dull red heat and when molten, easily dissolves Aluminum oxides. If electrodes are placed in the bath attached to a source of direct current, the metalic Aluminum readily separates out at the positive pole, and the residue at the negative pole.

That sounds very simple, and it is, but it was a long time before it was thus in coming.

Charles M. Hall spent all the money he could find in the family to develop the process and then spent more to defend his patent claims.

You see, a Frenchman, about the same time had discovered the very same process. His name was P.T.L. He'roult. He brought suit to set the "Hall" patent aside, claiming He was first. Charles M's father Rev. H. Hallmorgaged his home, as well as borrowed money from the Oberlin Citizens National Bank to fight this suit. Finally, they interested The Melons of Pittsburg, Pa. who put in enough money to win the suit.

What really won the suit, was the fact Charles M. Hall had exhibited his process, and actually made the metal - before the students of

Prof. Jewitt, on a certain date in a classroom at Oberlin College. This is what I gleaned from the stories told to me by his father.

What I had seen as a mere boy in that wood-shed laboratory - was the actual electric process of making aluminum, back in the year 1883.

This process made it possible for Aluminum to be a commercial product, a metal that could be made by this process, cheap enough that it could be used for many purposes.

The Aluminum Company of America was then formed with headquarters at Pittsburg, Pa. A site was procured at Niagara Falls for a Reduction Plant.

The Niagara River was tapped and flumed thru the City of Niagra Falls, where a huge turbine was set up in a building alongside of the Paper Mill Power Plant down in the Niagra Gorge just below the American Falls. Some 20,000 Volts of Electric current generated and used to make Aluminum in the Hall Manner.

This Company one of the first to use the water power of the Great Niagra.

I had the great pleasure of visiting Charles M. Hall at Niagra Falls, N.Y. in the year 1894. Charles was never a very talkative fellow, but one morning in particular he seemed entirely wrapped up in himself, while we were eating breakfast. I asked him what was on his mind? Then he told me what was happening at the plant, when the men would remove the carbon plugs from the crucipals and about a man being burnt very badly. Then it was that we talked about - if there was some other way, to plug the holes? I said would a pine wood plug not just carbonize when the current was turned on? Then he jumped up and left the table, saying come as soon as you are through.

Shortly after I went over to the Plant and there I found him instructing the men, that usually inserted the carbon sticks in the crucibles at the end, from which they would draw the metal. Directing them to whittle a small square pine stick round at one end and insert same in the hole where formally they had driven the carbons.

It worked wonders, and was used until the crucibles were made to tip etc. and etc. What a simple thing and yet of immense value. Of course, today the entire process has been improved but the Hall method is still the same. There has been no essential progress in 70 years.

Charles M. Hall possessed considerable wealth when he died, at an age of some of fourty (sig) years. Most unusual for an inventor. Oberlin College has been financially enjoying his success ever since, for he left his Alma Mater $2,000,000.00.

The Aluminum Company of America, because it holds the most important ore deposits of the world has been able to maintain a virtual monopoly and has not been prone to bring the price down.

Hence methods to produce cheap aluminum have been among the greenest pastures for inventors. Many means of solution have been tried, but nothing has displaced the Hall process as yet.

We are waiting for a process of extraction of pure Aluminum from impure ores. Any clay is loaded with aluminum compounds. The ground we trod under our feet might become our aluminum mine - if someone knew how to economically separate the Aluminum from the silicon and iron that may be there.

The problem of finding a method of obtaining it from pure ores was one of solvents. Very likely, the problem of extracting it from impure ores is also of solvents.

I understand that there is a new worthwhile development, which seems to be in the offing - for utilization of Utah Alumite.

The process is revolutionary and perhaps applicable to common clay, but it still has to show its worth.

Coming back to old Rev. Hall, whom I liked very much, he understood life as well as anyone I have ever known. A character whom I shall never, never forget.

Today this industry of producing aluminum is one of the largest in the world. So you see what a small experiment with close application can grow into, in ones life time.

POTPOURRI

By
Elaine White

Few of Colma's residents are more a part of the town than is Mattrup Jensen 83, retired superintendent of Olivet Memorial park.

He was mayor for 12 years after Colma was incorporated as a sixth-class city in 1924. He has designed and built homes and crematoriums here and drawn the rough draft for Colma town hall.

Like many Californians who came from somewhere else, Jensen fell in love with the state on a visit. He came to San Francisco in 1898 to see a friend, and toured the Santa Clara valley."When I saw the trees in blossom in San Jose,"he recalls, "that was it. I couldn't wait to sell my property in Oberlin, Ohio and come west." Jensen made the move in 1902 and has been in the area ever since.

A native of Denmark, Jensen moved to Oberlin as a boy of 10. He took engineering courses at Oberlin colleges but didn't graduate. "My sister did," he explains, "and I figured that one in the family was sufficient. So I went into the dairy business."

He didn't stay in this line of work, however. When he settled in San Jose Jensen had an offer - which he accepted - to become superintendent at Cypress Lawn. He later assumed the same post at Olivet, and the dairy industry lost one of its numbers forever. Meanwhile, his family enlarged from one to three children.

His oldest son, M. Jay Jensen, manages Olivet, while a daughter, Mrs. Josephine Gohl, lives in Burlingame. A second son, Robert died recently.

Although past the age of "three score and ten," Jensen sees no reason for spending his days sitting. "My wife and I aren't built that way," he explains. This attitude was even more characteristic when he was younger. Not content merely to work at Olivet and design the residences which house much of Colma's population, he was active in getting the city incorporated.

He and his wife, Estella, founded the Jobs Daughters organization in California and are still active in it. Mrs. Jensen has been on the board of Jefferson Union High School (the couple helped bring about the school's purchase) and San Mateo Junior College district. She is presently a trustee on the San Mateo county board of education.

Mr. and Mrs. Jensen live at 490 D street, Colma, in a house designed by him...

CEMETERIES

THERE FOR

PENINSULA

City Reported As Only One of Its Kind In World

NO CITY TAXES Municipality Derives All Revenue from Burial Fees

Few visitors fail to marvel at the beauty of Lawndale, San Francisco's Necropolis, as they motor along El Camino Real or Hillside boulevard.

They comment on the landscaping in the cemeteries and on the numerous flower shops and nurseries.

As they pass one cemetery after another they find that this is no ordinary city.

Few of them, however, realize how unusual Lawndale really is.

For Lawndale is the only Necropolis of its kind in the world.

Cemeteries Grouped There

In the city are grouped all the cemeteries serving San Francisco and the Peninsula as far south as Menlo Park.

Lawndale is unique in another respect.

It levies no city taxes: All city revenue is derived from burial fees.

Lawndale, which is situated between South San Francisco and Colma, was incorporated in 1924.

M. Jensen is the mayor and W. A. Newall, P. Delucchi, F. Lane and B. Flynn are the other members of the city council.

Other officials are E. A. Weisenburger and Henry Kempf.

POTPOURRI

More than 60 years ago a young man named Leopold Bocci, migrated to the U.S. from Florence, Italy. He had been in the marble statuary and sculpture business in his native country and continued a similar line of work in his adopted land.

He assisted in the building of many important structures. Among these was San Francisco's Ferry building, on which he worked as a stonecutter.

Soon he had accumulated enough money to start his own business and so began the venture now known as L. Bocci and Sons Monuments, at 7778 Mission Street in Colma. The firm builds memorials and tombstones of all types and for all faiths. Its products have been shipped as far as South America and the South Pacific, and L. Bocci and Sons is the largest business of its kind in the west, according to Joe Bocci, one of the owners.

The company imports more statuary - mostly from Carrara, Italy- than any other monument establishment on the west coast, said Bocci. Also, imported in great quantities are various types and colors of granite from many countries.

The Bocci name is well-known in this area not only because the monument firm is a Colma landmark, but because Leopoldo's children and grandchildren continue to reside in the vicinity. Most are connected - directly or indirectly - with the company and are equal owners.

"We're all in the same pot," explained Joe Bocci.

Six of Leopoldo Bocci's seven children are living and part of the business. Thomas L. Bocci, Sr., father of municipal court judge Thomas L. Bocci, Jr. is deceased. The other children, in addition to Joseph are Raymond, Hilda DeMartini, Jenny Fillippini, Assunta Luccetti and Emily Antracolli.

All the children were reared in this area and went to local schools. Although Leopoldo and his wife are gone, the loyalty that their children and grandchildren feel toward the company insures it will go on a great many years. "The business will be carried on at least for the next 50 years," said Joe Bocci.

The Boccis have indicated they plan to keep the firm awhile. The family is in the midst of a remodelling which has cost them $75,000 in the last two years. And they're far from through.

THE ADVANCE

WOMEN'S PAGE

July 20, 1950

THE JENSENS MARK 50th

Mr. and Mrs. Mattrup Jensen of Colma have been feted at a series of parties celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary. Friday evening, July 7, Bethel 198 Job's Daughters of Daly City surprised the Jensens with a reception at the Masonic Temple. On Sunday July 9, members of the immediate family gathered at the Jensen's home for a dinner party. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. M. Jay Jensen of Colma, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jensen and son Robert, Jr. of Willits; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Gohl and daughters, Joanne and Paula of Burlingame; Mr. and Mrs. C.B. Nelson and daughter, Betty, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Whipple and son, John and daughter Ellen of Burlingame and Paul C. Olson of Colma.

Monday evening, July 10, a group of old friends held a surprise party at the Jensen home. Among those attending were Mr. and Mrs. C.V. Henry of Porterville, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Monsees of Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Thompson of San Bruno.

The Jensens were married on July 12 at Elyria, O. and have been residents of San Mateo County for 47 years.

MONROE VIA
By
Mary Monroe
Thursday
June 21, 1956

Embellishing the northwest corner at El Camino Real and Jewell Street in the Spanish styled structure known as the Town Hall of Colma.

Under the impetus of Mattrup Jensen, who was mayor at the time, the present building was erected in 1938 by the architectural firm of Crim and Reising.

The ceiling of the courtroom features beams hand hewn with an adz. In the rotunda is a plaque presented by Jensen which contains the names of former city officials.

The Town Hall also furnishes quarters for the City Clerk's office, the Police Department and the Health Department. A well-baby clinic is held in one of the rooms on each Thursday. An imposing vault situated between the clerk's office and the courtroom contains the town's many valuable records.

According to Mrs. Blanche Lagomarsino, the assistant to the City Clerk, there have been 18 mayors since the incorporation of 1924, and the first one was Mattrup Jensen.

The cemetery area was originally incorporated as "Lawndale,"but because a town of Lawndale already existed in California, it was changed in 1941, to Colma. The reason behind its incorporation dates back to August 1, 1901, when an ordinance, passed by the San Francisco Board of Supervisors prohibiting any further burials in San Francisco, went into effect.

This action by the San Francisco board gave the cemetery owners food for thought. They wondered if the towns surrounding their lands might some day similarly legislate them out of business. So the idea of incorporation grew until it became an accomplished fact in 1924 when, you might say, the city became master of its own fate.

In addition to Jensen the distinguished men who have served as mayor in the past are W. A. Newall, C.J. Newell, Paul Delucchi, Fred Lane, Bartley Flynn, Peter Barsi, John Price, John Newton and Raymond Ottoboni. The first three were appointed for several terms each.

The mayor's office is filled by appointment every two years by a group of five elected councilmen.

The present mayor is Earl Taylor and serving on the council with him are John Newton, Ray Ottoboni, Andrew Rovegno and Bartley Flynn.

City Clerk is E.A. Weisenburger and the treasurer is G.H. Parker.

The police department functions under the expert direction of Al Lagomarsino, the Chief of Police. He has deputies who assist when needed. Colma has no jail, but lawbreakers who may require incarceration are taken to South San Francisco or the county seat at Redwood City, or, if a juvenile is involved, to Hillcrest.

Although there is no official Fire Department the town of Colma has a contract for fire protection with the Colma Fire District.

Revenue from busines license fees and burial taxes is about the only source of income the city government can count on.

Believe it or not, the home owners pay no city taxes! Residence in the area is by no means restricted to only cemetery workers and their families.

There have been many strikes in times past but the present strike and lockout of cemetery employees is the second major one in two years. The previous long-running one occurred in March of 1954, and it lasted 24 days.

Residents of Colma, Incorporated, attend churches of their choice elsewhere, as their is no church building in the town's official bounds. However, the Cypress Lawn Memorial Cemetery has given over its Noble chapel and its No. 1 Crematorium chapel to community church services whenever requested.

During normal times there is employment for hundreds of landscape architects, gardeners, diggers, etc. Their job is to keep in shape the last resting place for hundreds of thousands in the cemetery grounds that still has space for that many more.

The town's only two salaried employees are Chief Lagomarsino and his attractive wife, Blanche, who assists the City Clerk.

The Chief assumed duties in November, 1955, while Mrs. Lagomarsino took over her position in April of the same year.

The Lagomarsinos have the distinction of living in a cottage that was erected in 1924 and that served as the original Town Hall. Rooms have been added to make it more comfortable for family use. It is on Jewel street, and within a stone's throw of the newer Town Hall

GIRL SCOUT CAMP
MOUNTAIN CLOSES

For fifty weeks out of the year, Camp Mattrup is a lonely place. The Campsite in the Colma hills is a bird and squirrel domain. The sun shines for the pleasure of the trees and not a human ear records the song of the humming birds.

But mid-August brings a change to the 17-acre tract of wooded hillside. For two weeks at the end of each summer, the nature calls are blended with delighted squeals of little children, and the wind shares its berth with campfires and laughing child-play.

Each year, before the exciting tempo of back-to-school days, the Girl Scouts of Daly City and neighboring communities take their vacation. Daily during late August, the children wend their way through the foothills above Hillside Boulevard to romp and play, shout and sing in the free air of a forestlike setting just outside the city.

Camp Mattrup is the Girl Scouts' and Brownies' day camp. For many, it is the symbol of all innovations. It is the place they first learn to cook; to appreciate the beauties of nature; to share their play and work with other children. For some, it is the one opportunity for outdoor life - a chance to learn the fun of "roughing-it" in the forest.

A couple of weeks ago, Camp Mattrup closed up for the winter. Signs pinned to the trees near each of the girls' eight working units held a sorry note. "Goodbye Until Next Year,"they said; or "Back to School - See You Next Summer." The children folded up their equipment, put the finishing touches on their memory books and assembled in the main clearing to sing their camp songs - for the last time this year.

Day camping in the Colma hills is a big event in the lives of the girls who attend and of the women who volunteer their time and training for the two-week sessions.

Since a few years ago when Mattrup Jensen,then owner of the campsite, first loaned his property to the Girl Scout Council, it has become a much-anticipated vacation for almost a hundred girls each year. The project is financed by small contributions from the girls; the local Community Chest making good all deficits.

This year, as in all previous sessions, the youngsters divided themselves into separate units for supervised play and work. The youngest Brownies called themselves the "Forest Creatures," and printed their name prominently on a sign marking their camp. Similar placards, reading "Hillside Haven," "Kangeroo Kort," or "Chipmunk Camp" were displayed at each unit site. Off to the south of the main camp area, the printed words, "Tommahawk Gap" marked the boys' unit, where sons of a few of the Scout leaders set up their

equipment. Attending as guests of the Brownies and Girl Scouts, the boys lent their help with the heavier chores and worked on the Camp Mattrup yearbook.

Setting up camp each day at 10 a.m. under the direction of two leaders, each unit prepares its own lunch menu and cooks its own meal. The cooking begins after flag-raising on the central level where retreat is heard at the end of each day. Cleanup duties after lunch are fun for the girls. Improvising sinks and drains on their picnic tables, they allot a separate chore to each member, and the work is done to the accompaniment of camp songs issuing forth from now well-fortified lungs.

Craft work and nature study usually occupy the afternoon hours, after the rest period from 1-2 p.m. when leaders meet at the central camp to plan activities and work on the yearbook. Wood-carving and weaving are some of the more popular crafts; the girls displaying their handiwork at afternoon assembly. Throughout the camp, tiny red crepe-paper "feeders," containing honey for the humming birds, and patches of bright color to the woods.

Mrs. Muriel Pabst, executive director of the day camp, says no other mode of vacation quite equals these two weeks for her. Called "Sprig" by the youngsters, Mrs. Pabst is a daily visitor to each of the units, encouraging the girls in their art work and joining the games. Like many of the day camp leaders, "Sprig" participated in these same activities in her own childhood, as a Brownie and later a Girl Scout.

"Flicker," the nickname affectionately bestowed upon Mrs. Dorothy Kramer, was inspired by her photography around camp. Mrs. Kramer appears unexpectedly at the various units, taking pictures of the girls at play. Motherly Mrs. Hilda Heagney, a veteran worker with Girl Scouts, has the job of assistant director of day camp in charge of intermediate Scouts. The girls call her "oriole", one of the bird names reserved for their leaders. Mrs. Angie Thur, assistant director in charge of Brownies, is called "Bluebird," and Mrs. Virginia Davidson, camp nurse, is "Bob-White," "Mother Nature" is the appropriate name given to Mrs. Billie Cripps, nature instructor. Mrs. Lorraine Cady, program aide, is called "Lory:" Mrs. Marge Calvin, crafts instructor, is "Mallard", and Mrs. Emma O'Keefe's woodcarving talents earned her the title, "Woody Woodpecker."

Other women who devote two weeks of their vacation time each year to work with the Girl Scouts and Brownies are Mesdames Edna Mullen, Thelma Hamilton, Frieda Cady. Cecille Saaranen, Lorraine Todhunter, Jerry Hiatt, Marie Miller. Kay Sundermann, Edith Anderson, Bessie Runge, June Boynton, Sue Hopman and Edith Detwyler. And two weeks are not all the time they give; not by far. All year long, Scout leaders give a good part of each week directing the youngsters in their club activities.

Today Camp Matrup is deserted. The birds and the squirrels are twirping and chattering about their happy time at camp and the wind is lonely for the familiar sounds of laughing children. A paper sign, drooping at the edges from the weathering evening fog reposes on a tree near the central level: "Goodbye Until Next Year."

POTPOURRI

Thursday
April 25,
1957

The town of Colma is noted for its individuality of appearance. The well-kept lawns and varied flowers around the cemeteries, the mausoleums with their architecture that suggests fairy tale castles, the general quiet of the whole area - - - all contribute to an atmosphere which is unique.

And fitting in very nicely with the landscape is the picturesque town hall of Colma. The structure was built in 1938 at a total cost of $37,000 - an unbelievable figure in this day of high prices. The front of the building is shaped like an octagonal tower, and the white stuccoed exterior and red-tiled roof look clean and well-kept, although city clerk Blanchie Lagomarsino says very little maintenance work is done.

The visitor enters through a doorway in the octagonal tower and finds himself in a hallway paved with multi-colored tiles. Off this hallway are four offices. One is designated as a general information and health office, traffic bureau and place for license permits, another as the office of the city clerk, the third as the office of the chief of police and the fourth as the chambers of the city judge. The visitor who follows the hallway to the opposite end of the one-story structure arrives at an auditorium.

This auditorium receives constant use. It is the meeting place of the town council and planning commission. From time to time the room is put at the disposal of such groups as the United Crusade and the Girl Scouts. The northern area, San Mateo county well-baby clinic is held there once a week and last year the townspeople gave a square dance to raise money for the cancer society. Public service groups are given the use of the auditorium without charge.

Only two of the four offices are used. The city clerk's office was intended for E.A. wisenburger, long-time resident who died a few months ago, but his successor, Mrs. Lagomarsino, uses the general information office. Lettered over the door of the judge's chambers is the name of C.E. Lowe, who died several years ago. There is no longer any use for this office because Judge Thomas Bocci hears cases pertaining to Colma at the Northern Judicial District Court in South San Francisco. Police Chief Al Lagomarsino, husband of the city clerk, derive considerable use from his office which is graced with the stuffed and mounted head of a huge buck which the police chief shot in 1947.

The town hall was built during the term of Mayor Mattrup Jensen, who

feels he is at least partly responsible for the fact that the building looks as it does. Jensen, was impressed by the Spanish style architecture of a structure he saw in the Marin county town of Ross. He sketched it and the architect incorporated Jensen's drawing in his design.

The townspeople also were pleased with the ideas of their chief executive, and elected him for a fourth term as mayor, so he could be in a position to oversee construction of the town hall.

CALIFORNIA'S BEAUTIFUL

"OUTDOOR CATHEDRAL"

One of the most uniquely situated and interesting cemeteries of this country is Olivet Memorial Park, located in the "cemetery town" of Colma, just nine miles south of San Francisco, Cal. The term "unique" is used advisedly, for Colma is a real necropolis, a township consisting of a group of cemeteries, a few memorial and florists' salesrooms, a few farms and containing less than 600 population.

The township of Colma (originally named Lawndale) came into being in 1924 when the Associated Cemeteries - an organization of 14 cemeteries of which Olivet was one - applied for a town charter. The purpose was to prevent any future encroachment by its giant neighbor, San Francisco and thus to insure the perpetuation of the cemetery properties within that area. It is a remarkably scenic area, located partly on the western slopes of the San Bruno Mountain range and partly on the eastern slopes of the coast side hills and affords views of the Pacific on the west and San Francisco Bay on the east.

In this garden spot, Olivet Memorial Park is set, peaceful and fair enough to justify its own favorite words - "An Outdoor Cathedral." The cemetery was founded by Austen Walrath in 1895, and functioned for seven years without any particular plan until mounting difficulties forced the Board of Trustees to consider a change.

The Cemetery's Rebirth

A new order of things was introduced in 1903 with the appointment of M. Jensen, a seasoned cemetery executive, as superintendent. At first confronted with the task of undoing much that had already been accomplished, he patiently worked out each problem in turn and through the years created a modern cemetery, with its broad acres of well-planned and carefully tended landscape features and backed by modern methods of operation and a sound business and fiscal policy. Of this trying period and later developments, Mr. Jensen writes:

"In the spring of 1903, several members of the Board of Trustees decided to obtain a superintendent who was a cemetery man and who would be able to take them out of the rather peculiar situation into which they had drifted. I was selected to try to make a modern cemetery out of what they had already started. This was a difficult task for most of what had been accomplished had to be revamped.

There were about 1400 interments at this time, scattered over some 75 acres. It was an uphill job to get this situation changed and sold areas brought closer together so as to lessen upkeep costs, etc.

"New surveys had to be made, new section maps drafted, and an entire new method of keeping records developed. This has all been accomplished, resulting in a modern lawn-plan memorial park. Today, out of some 200 acres, we have 68 acres in lawn and fully developed with nearly 40,000 interments. Our cemetery is heavily endowed and our perpetual care fund invested in the finest securities."

Olivet Memorial Park is a well wooded tract with many varieties of trees that have been skillfully used, as background material for buildings, features and sectional divisions, The grounds are crisscrossed with fine, hard-surfaced roads, which are bordered by four-inch curbs. Departing from the strict "park plan", four-inch boxwood borders are permitted for which there is a yearly charge. Tablets or other grave markers not more than 12 inches high are also permitted. Superintendent Jensen says: "We mow lawns nearly the entire year. Roses, however, are not pruned until after Jan. 1. We start sprinkling about March 15 and then continue through to Dec. 15." Another personalized touch is the scattering through the grounds of artistically executed scrolls- 4 ft by 8 ft. - bearing appropriate verse. "to create some fine spiritual thought which our visitors will absorb in passing."

The cemetery is also proud of its ivy covered buildings. There is a large mausoleum with a picturesque Old English Abbey chapel attached. A crematory using the "Jensen" front door chambers, was constructed in 1911. Attached to this is a second fine chapel and a spacious columbarium. There have been 14,000 cremations here since 1911. Many wedding ceremonies have also been conducted in the chapels.

Modern Service

Grave service in Olivet Memorial Park os of the highest modern standard. Every interment is accompanied by a religious service, which in case of the absence of a minister, is read by a menber of the office staff. Tents are used, ingeniously constructed with frameworks of galvanized iron pipe , curved tops and interchangeable pneumatic wheels so they can be rolled along the roadways to the place of interment.

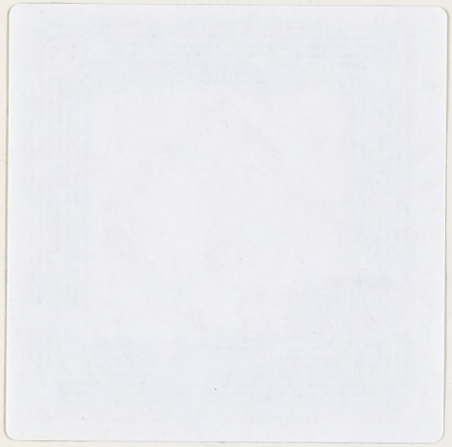
There is no sunken grave problem at Olivet, for wooden boxes are not permitted. Concrete crypts have been used since 1903 and concrete liners since 1934. Superintendent Jensen calculates that this rule "saves in 25 years, at least $25 per interment." Cost accounting methods also enable the management to keep close watch over costs

of operation. Every workman has to fill out a time sheet and his daily work in half-hour periods has to be allocated against specific departments and specific details within those sections. There are 13 work departments: cemetery care, entombments, interments, inurnments, columbarium, gardening department, planting, special care, burial boxes, concrete department, bronze markers, endowment property and developing. Every penny of labor cost in this way is readily allocated to the proper department.

Superintendent and Poet

Superintendent Jensen, who is responsible for much of this new creation, is an interesting personality. He was born in Denmark but came with his parents to America in 1883 and attended school and college in Oberlin, Ohio. Prior to joining the Olivet organization, he was secretary and superintendent of Westwood Cemetery in Oberlin, Ohio and later assistant superintendent and landscape engineer of Cypress Lawn Cemetery in San Francisco, Cal. He has been a member of AAC'S since 1900 and prior to that time attended many of the meetings as a guest. In addition to his interests in landscaping and engineering in relation to memorial parks, Mr. Jensen has many other activities. He has held the post of Mayor of Colma and is generally regarded as the "father" of that interesting cemetery city. He is affiliated with the Masonic order, Scottish Rite and Islam Temple Shrine and is also interested in Job's Daughters and Youth. He is also a poet of considerable talent with a number of patriotic and inspirational gems to his credit. He inscribedthe following to his own cemetery:

Park Olivet, thou place of rest,
At eventide, I love thee best;
When shadows lengthen o'er the green
And all is still and all serene.

When gold and purple hues do rise
Upon thy hills and to the skies;
To mingle with clouds again
Keep thou my dust, in safety, then.

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